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HER LOT;

How She was Protected. BY MRS. A. J. DUNWAY. AUTHOR OF "FIFTH REED," "ELLEN DOWD," "AMIE AND HENRY LEE," "THE HAPPY HOME," "THE WOMAN'S SPOKE," "MADGE ROBERTSON," ETC., ETC., ETC.

[Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1878, by Mrs. A. J. Dunway, in the office of the Librarian of Congress at Washington City.] CHAPTER XXIII.

My kinsman looked at me wonderingly. The old impetuosity of my childhood was again upon me, and I was ready, on the impulse of the moment, to say and do almost anything that was desperate.

"You do not mean to say that Elder Chalmers killed my favorite cousin?" he exclaimed, in a deprecating way.

"Yes, I do. He was hard, sinister, sanctimonious, suspicious, and unscrupulous. She was gentle, loving, unselfish, ingenious, and wholly incapable of coping with his stern, unyielding disposition. Had she been less scrupulous, she might have deceived, cajoled, and flattered him into yielding many a point through the belief that he was displeasing her by so doing; but she was incapable of deception, so she turned her weary head aside and died, disgusted. I loved her, and I knew instinctively that she was my kinsman's, but the old hypocrite who ruled over her and the young tyrant who lorded over me forbade our intercourse, so she died, leaving me in ignorance of everything, save only that I could not help knowing, for I could see it with my eyes shut, that she had loved Lord Bothwick, and ought to have been his wife."

"Then you do believe there is some good in marriage, despite your bitterness?"

"Who said I didn't believe in it? and who said I was bitter?" I asked, my cheeks tingling.

"My kinsman did not reply. Evidently his thoughts were far away, for he looked abstractedly through the half-open door, and seemed to forget my presence.

"Poor Ethel! poor Ethel!" he said, at last, leaving a long, heavy sigh as he spoke.

"You'd have said 'poor Ethel' with a yet deeper meaning had you seen her die, as I did," I replied, thoughtfully.

"But then it was better so. She did not, could not love the old monster who claimed and owned her, and the quicker she was dead the better. But I did so want to know all about her. Malcolm Graeme, was not you in love with her?"

"My kinsman blushed, and did not answer.

"You need not fear to confide in me," I said, "for I shall find it all out."

"There is no secret, little cousin. I did love Ethel Graeme, and I should have made her my wife but for our cousinship. And then there was Lord Bothwick, and the love he bore her, with which I could not interfere."

"I never heard of such a family to fall in love with cousins!" I exclaimed.

"One would think there was no other family in the whole earth to whom one of you might pay court. 'Cousin Malcolm, I do not believe in cousins' marriages."

"Nor do I, on general principles. But love laughs at kinship. And people love because they cannot help it."

"Cousins ought to be thrown so much in each other's society that they may be always so well acquainted that there shall be no danger of their looking upon one another as divinites. Do you know, Malcolm Graeme, that I sometimes believe there never could be any such thing as conjugal love if nobody ever imagined any one to be what they are not?"

"I have never considered that problem, little cousin."

"Well, it is useless for us to theorize upon it. I am very certain of one thing, though, and that is that the longer we hedge about upon the edge of my family's mystery, the longer we shall be in reaching a point where we may be able to solve it. Malcolm Graeme, can you tell me why and how my mother, who was of gentle birth, was related in the ties of consanguinity to my father, who is a plebeian by birth and intention? And were they both the cousins of Lord Bothwick?"

"Your latter question I can answer affirmatively, though only in part. Your mother was Lord Bothwick's cousin, and a daughter of Clarence Graeme, twin brother to Egbert Graeme, the father of the other Ethel Graeme, who, though many years younger than your lady mother, was born to a heritage even sadder than hers."

"But who was, or who is, my father?"

"One of the offshoots of the family, such as every lineage produces in some of its branches. His father, Malcolm, was the oldest brother of the lot, and was disinherited by the Earl, his father, for marrying a buxom lass, the daughter of a laird, whose pretty features and voluptuous body charmed him."

"That, then, accounts for his want of education and culture. Children take their mental status from their mothers. Refinement is not innate in men."

"You say truly, little cousin. Your father grew up under the curse of poverty, induced by his father's disinheritance and consequent dissipation."

The New Northwest

FREE SPEECH, FREE PRESS, FREE PEOPLE. VOLUME VII. PORTLAND, OREGON, FRIDAY, JULY 12, 1878. NUMBER 43.

"But, cousin, can you tell me why it is that men, who claim to be superior to women in mental as well as physical strength, so often sink into dissipation under the misfortunes that bring out the better elements in women's natures?"

"I suppose it is because they are, as compared to men, what refined steel is as compared to pig iron."

"Then why are they so often rendered helpless and powerless because of the law and custom that makes them dependent alone upon the will and caprice of their husbands?"

"I will not attempt to answer that question, little cousin. Your mother was an angel, born and bred. She met your father at the old abbey beyond the Scottish border, and being young, ardent, and imaginative, fled with him to Gretta Green and became his wife, as many another noble lady has done, to her sorrow."

"But my father is not a bad man?"

"I know he isn't. He's simply a good, easy-going, good-for-nothing sort of an animal, a splendid animal, in fact, and there's precious little more sentimental or sentimentous about him than you will find in a Devonshire bull."

I had been so long in America, where modesty affects airs of supreme sensibility over the name of a perfect bovine that I blushed, though in truth I was modest enough to feel ashamed of myself because of the blushing. I knew my kinsman had spoken truly. Back through the vista of the bygone years I looked and saw my hopeless mother, as she toiled and drudged and suffered. Then the vision of her dying day passed before me, and again I heard the words, as she caressed her dead baby with her dying fingers, "It was a girl, and it is better so. It will never suffer as I have suffered."

Now, patient reader, pause with me, and let us ponder this question well. Why is it that woman's life is so full of suffering? Is it not because she is under a human curse? Do you consider God the author of her misery? I do not. A few years ago a young girl was placed in my care by her father, under peculiarly painful circumstances. She was soon to become a mother, and had never been a wife. Her father was a plodding farmer, well-to-do and inconsiderate of everything save disgrace. Her mother was a bow-backed drudge, such as you so often see in farm-houses, that they fall to awaken surprise or sympathy. I had long been compelled to act the part of an *oconocusee*, to earn bread to keep the wolf from my rursured door, and this girl was placed with me for the double purpose of having care and hiding her shame. She remained with me three months before, and as long a time after the advent of her babe, with nothing to do but to take care of her health, and then her mother came by night, when she was quite well, to take her away. In spite of the mental and physical agony the girl had endured, she was as thoroughly strong and well when her mother came as though she had suffered no illness.

"If I could have been half as well cared for in bearing children in wedlock as my daughter has been cared for in her disgrace, I should not be the broken-down creature I am to-day," said the mother, with a sigh. "And then," she continued, "there is consolation in the thought that my daughter will not be compelled to submit again to the mandates of maternity—at least, not without her own consent."

Good reader, pardon me, I am resolved to let no opportunity escape to impress upon you my utter detestation of the popular and almost universal subjugation of wifehood. Motherhood, properly respected, honored, and consulted, is an honor and a glory. But, alas! it is a crying shame that matrimony is so often used to crush out all that is desirable in it. How long, O Lord, how long shall these things be? And how many of you who read these columns can look back understandingly upon the lives of your own mothers with a knowledge that their record was a happier one than my mother's, or very much happier, but for the drunkenness, than even my own?

Will men continue to impose these unjust conditions upon legalized maternity to the end of time?

But I forget myself. I was telling you about my mother, and solving, little by little, the riddle of my immediate ancestry.

"Why was I never allowed to know that Lord Bothwick was my mother's cousin, while I lived in England?" I asked, suddenly.

"How do you know it now?" was the ready reply.

"I sense it. And then I am sure you have said so."

"My kinsman laughed.

"You women are strangely intuitive," he said, musingly.

"I feel certain that Lord Bothwick's mother was a Graeme, and that my father was given a better living than the other tenants on the estate—hard as it was—because of the natural desire of her kinsman to assist my mother."

"You have guessed it, little cousin, but you do not know, nor can I tell you, how nor why it was that Ethel Graeme, your mother's cousin, was compelled by her father to become the wife of a man she detested, when Lord Bothwick

could have given her position, power, and luxury."

"Does my mother's uncle Egbert yet live?"

"He does. But he is old and rheumatic and gouty and cannot travel, so he sends me abroad on his errands. I came to America on purpose to ascertain the whereabouts of my cousin."

"And you have found that she is buried in the deep, deep sea?"

"I have found one to whom I will be a friend, staunch and true, if she will permit me," he said, feelingly.

"Alas! cousin. Your friendship comes too late to do me any good. I am the wife of Gerald Grey, and my destiny is in his hands."

"Do you regret that you are his wife?"

"I regret that he is a drunkard."

"But that reply does not answer my question. You should say yes, or no."

"Then, no."

Good reader, I told a lie. I did regret, under all the circumstances, that I was anybody's wife. I had tasted of the sweets of liberty and self-ownership in the several times when I had been compelled to earn my own livelihood while hiding myself from my husband to do it, and I had drank the cup of physical and mental suffering to his dregs upon every occasion when my lordly lord had re-appeared upon the scene; and I was false, as are thousands of other women, to every sense of womanly integrity when I pronounced myself satisfied with my situation as Gerald's wife. A man thus conditioned, who would pronounce himself contented with such a lot, would be justly stigmatized as a fool. And yet, I know there is such a thing as happiness for married women, even in humble life; for my own daughters are now happily married to husbands who, being honorable men, understand and acknowledge the individuality of womanhood, and my girls fairly worship their worthy consorts, thanks to the instructions I have given them—the husbands, I mean—who, I am proud to say, respect and honor their mother-in-law. But again I digress. I really believe I am getting old and garrulous.

My husband had been absent an hour, and the time was drawing near for his return. I still loved him at times, almost to madness, but oh! how I did dread his coming. I knew it boded me trouble. And yet, while he was sober he was, or always had been, kind and tender with me. But it was evident that his nature was changing. There is no truer maxim than the very true one that strong drink will debase a man. Whisky fills the blood and brains with hot hobgoblins. Like insanity, it perverts the better senses, and renders its victim the converse of his former self.

When Gerald returned he affected to be jealous of the friendship between myself and my kinsman; and he acted the donkey so completely that, for the first time in my life, I felt a fear that I would ultimately despise him utterly, even while wearing his fetters. I was mortified and humiliated beyond conception. My wife's honor was, in my own estimation, equal to that of Caesar's wife. I held myself above suspicion, and of course, reproach, but I could not rise above the feeling of self-deprecation that naturally comes to a woman of delicate sensibilities who finds herself unjustly suspected. Had the offender been another than my husband, I should have been furiously indignant. As it was, I was ashamed.

Sometimes I think the women are all fools. Judging my husband by what I had known of his past, what right had I to submit in meekness to his assumption of censorship, even if I had been in ever so slight a degree deserving it? But I did not ask myself this question. It did not even occur to me. I felt that I must have been in some degree imprudent; and, woman-like, I exerted myself to the utmost to make what amends I might by wisely assenting. And, husband-like, the more I made concessions, the more exacting and hard to please did Gerald grow. He would absent himself all day long from the cabin, and walk at meal times, saying he was not hungry. He would buffet and scold the children, and treat his guest with incivility that, taking all together, I was absolutely wretched. And yet he would not attempt to work. He felt himself born to a station beyond his surroundings, and he seemed content to see me dig and delve as his body servant.

To my great relief our guest at last departed, and then I hoped for a return of happier days with my husband. Vain hope! Delusive expectation!

One of our neighbors had prepared the logs for a much larger house than any of us possessed, or had yet aspired to, and at the "raising," a bee to which all the neighborhood was invited, he had brought a keg of rum as a treat to his friends.

The day is not far distant, murmurs the Elko Post, when the housewife will glance into the wood-shed, and find that the husband has gone off without splitting the daily allowance of fuel, will take down the phonograph, howl into it a volley of epithets that will register 100 pounds pressure to the square inch on the safety gauge, and then call out to her boy: "Here, John, go down town and grind that out to your damned lazy old father, and see that you turn the crank lively, too."

Good company and good conversation are the very sinews of virtue. Good character is above all things else.

Chi-ling-ai, an empress of China, was the inventor of silk.

to him, and I was expected to accept the consequences. Ah! that awful night! But it was only the counterpart of a thousand similar ones that afterward followed. He allowed me to put the children in their bed, and then he drove me from the cabin and compelled me to remain out all night long in the cool, damp air. I was afraid of wild beasts, and the howling of an owl almost drove me wild with apprehension. But for my little ones, I would have courted death and rushed frantically into its very jaws. But my babies. What will not a mother endure for her darlings?

Ab, me!

By morning Gerald's frenzy had cooled, and he was fast asleep. Then, my very marrow chilled with the cold night air, and oppressed by the fright and dread that were upon me, I crept like a criminal into the hut my own hands had bullded, and with my aching fingers lit a fire upon the adobe hearth.

[To be continued.]

The Reason Why.

Most people are cross, and most people are unusually hungry on Sunday. No one can tell why it is, but if we observe our acquaintances, we shall find it to be true.—Good House.

Now it seems to me the easiest thing possible to know the reason of this Sunday crossness and hunger. Almost everybody sleeps later on that morning, most persons from two to three hours. A great many parents are driven up at last by noisy, hungry children clamoring for breakfast. They rise hurriedly, themselves faint from a longer fast than usual. The breakfast, where servants are employed, has been kept waiting as long as to be nearly unfit to eat, and often the poor servant is blamed for it, and the "crossness" of the mistress rises crossness in her. All having had their usual habits broken in upon, are affected more or less by it, especially the children. When servants are wanting, and the late risers have to prepare breakfast, what a hurrying and "scurry-rustle" takes place. There is the fire that won't burn, the muddly coffee, the underdone biscuit, the crying, quarrelsome children, little animals as they are, like any other animal deprived too long of food, ready to snap at anything, while you wonder that they are so cross. Many a child has had a Sunday whipping when the real fault lay with those who compelled it to wait too long for its accustomed bath and rest. I don't think me of a child who used often to be chastised on Sabbath morning, not exactly for crossness, but for skipping out of bed, waking up two sisters and a baby brother, and getting their all-uponions when he ought to be in his antlers. Ah, me! how that child subsided as mother, driven from her bed by the noise, appeared at the door. I took the whipping, but to this day am in doubt, ready to snap at anything, while you wonder that they are so cross. Many a child has had a Sunday whipping when the real fault lay with those who compelled it to wait too long for its accustomed bath and rest. I don't think me of a child who used often to be chastised on Sabbath morning, not exactly for crossness, but for skipping out of bed, waking up two sisters and a baby brother, and getting their all-uponions when he ought to be in his antlers. Ah, me! how that child subsided as mother, driven from her bed by the noise, appeared at the door. I took the whipping, but to this day am in doubt, ready to snap at anything, while you wonder that they are so cross.

And just here I must say it seems to me that Protestant churches might with great profit adopt one custom of Roman Catholic ones, by appointing an early morning service, at least in summer. As it is, the hotter hours of the day, half-past ten in the morning and at three in the afternoon, the bell summons out the faithful to drag through the hot bodies which, however willing here spirits they may carry, do often succumb to it. I have positively envied the Irish girls as I saw them walking cool to church in the fresh morning hours, while I, miserable woman, myself half up at the same hour as on week days, was waiting breakfast for sleepers.

But I hear some working man or woman, some overtaxed father or mother, say: "Is not Sunday a day of rest? Do you grudge us one day of rest after you wake in the morning? Every nap you take drains your life!"

Judging my own feelings when foreing myself into taking a second nap that I might not disturb the one who wished to sleep, I believe this to be true. Try rising at your usual hour through the week, take breakfast at the usual hour, bathe and attend church in the morning—let us hope the hour for service will soon be appointed earlier ere the sun is hot—then in the afternoon, oh, workers, stretch the tired limbs on the lounge, on the cool grass, glorious elms, and rest body and mind until evening.

A short service of prayer and praise will surely wish to join in ere sleeping, and will come home refreshed, and, as Fanny Fern says, "with something new to fight the devil through the week."—Theological Journal.

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OUR WASHINGTON LETTER.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NEW NORTHWEST:

Hon. Edward McPherson, superintendent of the government bureau of engraving and printing, in his arguments before the committee on banking and currency, last February and March, resisting the efforts of private corporations to again secure to themselves a portion of the printing and engraving of the public securities, pointed to the continuous improvements in our currency, and the high rank it has taken among the nations, yet scarcely led us to a full conception of the consummate art displayed in the new silver notes. We called upon him recently, and it was with a justifiable pride he exhibited to us the \$500 and \$1,000 notes, yet in proof. Since the world began, no nation has given to its people, as the singular of its indebtedness, so fair a "promise to pay," and in whose perfection is shadowed the permanence of its institutions. As it is yet some time before these notes will appear, a short description of the \$500 denominations may not be uninteresting to our readers. If there is any difference, this one, taken altogether, is, perhaps, the finest of the two. As if to add that sense of security which comes from looking on a great man, the embodiment of bold and pure principles, the artist has set the face of Charles Sumner in the upper right corner of the note, where it looks from a most perfect likeness into the depths of his own seriousness. Upon the extreme left coils a beautiful oval "counter," the work of the wonderful geometrical lathe, which so successfully defies the counterfeit. Embedded in the center of this are the figures "500" in fine artistic design, each of which has the appearance of having a recess, in which mythological characters have stationed themselves in the attitudes of their peculiar significations. In the lower center is a series of five joined geometrical lathes "counters," in each of which appears a letter making the word "silver." Just above this traverses the denominational words "five hundred," which, to the naked eye, show only an artistic blending of lights and shades, but, under a magnifying lens, discloses in each letter the words, "The United States of America." These, with the additional necessary wording, repetitions of the "500," and handsome border, made from woven flowers, vines, and scrolls, make up the face of the note. But if the face be a culmination of art and beauty, not less so is the back. Here the artist, seeming to free himself from the restraint of a business contract, fairly leaps into the open fields of flowers and vines, and the poetry of architecture, and blends together in a border, twisted vines, and flowers, and scrolls, upon which the eye may feast. Then from the word "silver" he takes the sound of coin, and leaves, instead of the freshening kiss of flowers, and the cool shades of twining foliage, as across the note from left to right most exquisite chase, the ample floral letters. A bed of flowers and scrolls invite the eye to the upper left corner, in which is a shield bearing the motto, "E pluribus unum." Just above this, and belonging to the group, as if not to be entirely forgotten of the commercial interest, is a denominative "500." Continuing this same thoughtfulness to the right hand corner, an infinitesimal "counter" presents the numeral "17," which seems to smile in the utmost sense of security. Attached to the left border are three circles containing stars, while corresponding on the right are three hearts, enclosing each an oak leaf. These, with much more equally fine, make up this real piece of workmanship, which is the crown of the bank note engraving art, and sets at defiance the highest skill of the counterfeit. The engraving-room, in charge of G. W. Cassler, is the fine art department of the bureau. Here is collected the finest skill in the country in the engraving art, the result of many years of "cutting" and education. This is one of the divisions of public affairs not affected by political changes. The passport here is talent which politicians cannot afford to tamper with. Venerable gray-haired men, and youthful faces, alike feel the glance of the visitor, which again suggests the two avenues to the upper rounds of the ladder—labor and genius. One of these is a young man whose aptitude as an engraver of heads astonishes his older artists. Although but twenty years of age, three of his heads have been sent as a part of the exhibit of national currency to Paris this year. The most interesting feature of this department is the geometrical lathe, which is separated from the main-room by a screen, and requires a special permit to see. It would be useless to attempt a description of it in a letter. Suffice to say, it is more simple than one would suppose, considering the work accomplished. By referring to any piece of our present currency, your readers will understand the nature of the work of this machine by examining the beautiful "counters" in which are the denominational numbers, made up of fine lines. When it is set in motion, it works out some beautiful patterns, and never can exactly reproduce a pattern. It is the work of the machine that counterfeiters cannot imitate, and is looked upon as the most valuable feature of the bank note engraving art. There is a tendency, as we stand, watch-

ing this machine weave its beautiful thoughts into the hard steel, to exalt it near to the level of those busy minds on the other side of the screen, as they carve human emotions in the tedious metal. Mr. Cassler is himself a fine engraver, combining with his artistic rare executive ability. All the government engraving is first designed and modeled by him. He has been in this capacity for many years, and is largely instrumental in bringing it to its present perfection. Mr. McPherson's staff consists of O. H. Irish, assistant superintendent, T. J. Sullivan, accountant, and G. W. Cassler, superintendent of engraving, and the efficiency, economy, and great success of his bureau is due to the large and executive ability of his associates.

FELIX.

Washington, D. C., June 21, 1878.

The Election in Jonesville.

MRS. HELEN RICH.

Josiah looked up from the New York World, and says he: "I am going to Jonesville to 'lection time, Samantha. You'd better ride down and get the stuff for my shirts." Says he, "The town hall, as you know, is 'bain' fixed, and the pole is set up right in the store. It will be handy, and you can go just as well as not."

But I looked my companion in the face with an icy, curious men, and says I, in low, strange tones, "Wouldn't it be revoltin' to the finer feelin' of your soul to see a tender woman, your companion, crowdin' and elbowin' her way amongst the rude throng of men surroundin' the pole; to have her hear the immodest and almost dangerous language, the oaths and swearin' to see her a-plungin' down in the vortex of political warfare and the arena of corruption?" Says I, "How is the shrinkin' modesty and delicacy of my sect a goin' to stand firm, a-Josiah! his way amongst the rude masses, and you there to see it?" Says he, "Ain't it a goin' to be awful revoltin' to you, Josiah Allen?"

"Oh, no!" says he, in calm, gentle accents, "no! if you was a goin' for shirt buttons."

After we got to the store, Josiah left me, and I called for the shirt buttons and cotton flannel.

Just then a man came up to me that I never laid eyes on before. He handed me a ticket, with an awful dirty hand, every finger nail of which was seemingly in the deepest of mournin' for the pen-knife and nail-brushes they had never seen; and says he, "Will you tell me, mom, whether that ticket is a Democrat ticket or the 'other one'?"

I put on my specks, and says I, "It is the 'other' one, and I thought I thought you were a Democrat."

"Good gracious!" says he, "Christopher Columbus!"

But I interrupted him coldly, and says I, "Stop swearin', instantly and quit this minute! If you want my advice, proceed."

Says he, "There I have voted that ticket seventeen times, and I was paid to vote the Democrat." Says he, "I am a man of my word. I am a poor man, but an honest one. And here I have," says he in a mournful tone, "here I have voted the wrong ticket. Oh, what would the man say who hired me, if he knew it?"

"What did he give you?" And, as I said this, a strange, horrible suspicion came over me.

"He gave me this coat," said he. "Then I knew it all. It was Farmer Allen's coat that had fallen to Josiah. Then I knew the meaning of his mysterious plottings and crafty goin's on."

"What made you vote the wrong ticket?" said I. "Can't you read?"

"No," says he; "we can't none of us read, and by not reading we get cheated. There is so much corruption in politics now-days."

"Yes," said I, bitterly; "there couldn't be much more corruption, even if women voted."

"Women vote?" says he, in scornful tones. "Women don't know enough to vote."

Just then Elder Minkley came into the store with Senator Vyse, as if he had the whole corpse of a diplomat in tow. And says he to his wife and me, drawing himself up pompously, "The Senator and I have just been talking of Woman Suffrage, and he agrees with me that such madness would introduce an element into politics that would topple it down from the foundation of justice and purity on which it now firmly rests."

I did not say a word, but oh! what agitated feelin' I had. For he knew, and I knew, and so did all Jonesville know, that Senator Vyse was a disgrace to the very name of man. A meaner, more licentious villain, a more cowardly, cruel hypocrite, never trod shoe leather. He lives in a perfect palace, a few miles from the village, has thousands of acres, servants, horses, carriages; but I and Josiah scorn and loathe him.

Then Elder Minkley introduced the Senator to his wife, as if he was settling a great dowry on to her, and Sister Minkley, she looked perfectly awestricken and admiring upon him. The poor woman was completely overcome with the honor of touching the white hand of this scoundrel.

Then Mr. Minkley introduced him to me. But I was nerved up by lofty principle, and never touched his hand, gripped hold of my brown alpaca overskirt firmly, and just looked at him with a calm, rebuking mien. His hand was jeweled, but it was stained with crimes black as murder. He felt it. His handsome, false face turned red as blood, as I remarked to Brother Minkley significantly:

"I agree with you, Brother Minkley, in what you said. I think impure people ought not to be allowed to make laws for innocent women and children. It would thin out the voters some, but the country would be the gainer."

They didn't seem to enjoy my remarks, and shamefacedly walked off to vote.

Sister Minkley and I looked out of the window, and says she, "Look there, Josiah Allen's wife, look at that critter across the street! What would become of this nation if such things were allowed to vote?"

She pointed to a girl across the street, a girl that, every time I looked at her, made my cheeks flush with shame for her, and my eyes brim over with tears for her. This very girl, when she was a little child, was given into the care of

this Senator Vyse by her dying mother, and she grew up, as pretty as a half-blown rose-bud, and just as innocent; an orphan, unbeknownst to the world, its glory and its wickedness. Altho' he learnt it all to her, all its glory and all its wickedness; for she thought, innocent young lamb, that a new world of light and glory had sprung down from heaven a-purpose for him and her, in them days when he ransacked heaven and earth to find tender ways and tender words enough to tell his love for her, and his admiration for her beauty, her brightness, her grace, her sweet confidence, innocence. And so he held her heart, her life in his hands, and she would have been thankful to have laid them down for the handspan villain, if he had told her to. And her mother's heart, as he did, he broke it. Holdin' her life, as he did, he ruined it. By every hellish art that could be called to aid him, he deliberately committed this sin. He brought her down from innocence and happiness to ruin, wretchedness, disgrace, despair, drink, the streets! And then he was unanimously chosen by a majority of the people to make new laws, such as legalizing sin and iniquity, and other noble statutes for the purifyin' of the nation.

And she? Why, as she is too low and worthless for anything else, she is used as a capital illustration of the fact that women like her are too sinful to vote.

Says I, "Sister Minkley, as sure as there is a God in heaven, such injustice will not be permitted to go on forever!"

Preserved Flowers.

I took from its safe-keeping place the other day, a small box containing, amongst other little mementoes of my lost children, a couple of dried flowers, now withered and yellow and dry, but which were fresh when I took them—one from out the little baby hands which clasped it, the other from near the soft round cheek against which it nestled, and I thought how many such sprays there were kept by sorrowing mother-hearts, made dear beyond all price, because they were the last earthly things touched by the tiny hands of little ones gone before.

Although carefully and sacredly kept, these precious relics of a joy known and lost must soon crumble into dust, and little by little be lost, and I thought of a plan of which I had heard for keeping these mementoes, and, perhaps, it may be as new to some of your readers as it was to me.

Not only can these flowers from off the still bosom of some loved one be kept fresh and bright, but the symbols of happier occasions as well.

The flowers should be fresh, and of chrome yellow, is color, and the leaves should be separated from the blossoms. Place in a perfectly clean vessel a quantity of the best quality of paraffine, and put this vessel in another containing hot water, so that the paraffine is wholly melted, dip the flowers separately into the wax, taking care that each part is covered with the mixture. A coating is thus formed, which excludes the air, and still allows the flower to retain its freshness. The leaves should be treated similarly, but the wax should be colored green, as near in shade to the natural color of the leaf as possible. Chrome green, lightened with chrome yellow, is color, and the leaves anything else to the desired tint. The flowers and leaves can then be arranged in clusters or crosses or wreaths, and placed secure from dust and flies, either under a glass globe, or in a deep frame made for the purpose.

Flowers are said to be preserved by merely smoking them with sulphur, after the mode of bleaching hats, that is, to suspend the flowers in a chamber arising from burning sulphur, which should be confined by means of an airtight box.

To photograph leaves, procure a little bicarbonate of potash, which will make a strong solution. So